

TENETS OF ANARCHY

Expounded by Emma Goldman in a Recent Speech.

Remarks That Prompted Murderous Assault on President McKinley—Delivered on May 6, at Cleveland, O.

An address delivered in Cleveland, O., on May 6 by Emma Goldman, the anarchist, is believed to be largely responsible for the attempt on the life of President McKinley.

Miss Goldman spoke there twice on that date, and a copy of her address was found in the pocket of Leon Czolgosz when searched by the Buffalo police. In the audience on that occasion was the man who tried to kill the president, and his associates now recall that he was one of the most enthusiastic in his applause of the utterances of Miss Goldman.

In the course of her address on May 6 Miss Goldman first outlined the principles of anarchy and detailed the methods whereby she hoped to accomplish the ends of anarchy. Her talk was full of forceful passages, and some cases more notable for their strength than their elegance.

"Men under the present state of society," she said, "are mere products of circumstances. Under the yoke of government, ecclesiasticism, and a bond of custom and prejudice, it is impossible for the individual to work out his own career as he could wish. Anarchism aims at a new and complete freedom which is not only the freedom from within, but a freedom from without, which will prevent any man from having a desire to interfere in any way with the liberty of his neighbor."

"Vanderbilt says: 'I am a free man within myself, but the others are damned.' This is not the freedom we are striving for. We merely desire complete individual liberty, and this can never be obtained as long as there is an existing government."

"We do not favor the socialistic idea of converting men and women into mere producing machines under the eye of a paternal government. We go to the opposite extreme and demand



MISS EMMA GOLDMAN.
(Her Speech Prompted Czolgosz to Assault the President.)

the fullest and most complete liberty for each and every person to work out his own salvation upon any line that he pleases. The degrading notions of men and women as machines is far from our ideals of life.

"Anarchism has nothing to do with future governments or economic arrangements. We do not favor any particular settlement in this line, but merely ask to do away with the present evils. The future will provide these arrangements after our work has been done. Anarchism deals merely with social relations, and not with economic arrangement."

The speaker then deprecated the idea that all anarchists were in favor of violence or bomb throwing. She declared that nothing was further from the principles they support. She went on, however, into a detailed explanation of the different crimes committed by anarchists lately, declaring that the motive was good in each case, and that these acts were merely a matter of temperament.

Some men were so constituted, she said, that they were unable to stand idly by and see the wrong that was being endured by their fellow mortals. She herself did not believe in these methods, but she did not think they should be condemned in view of the high and noble motives which prompted their perpetration. She continued: "Some believe we should first obtain by force and let the intelligence and education come afterwards."

Miss Goldman did not hesitate to put forward a number of sentiments far more radical and sensational than any ever publicly advanced there. During Miss Goldman's lecture a strong detail of police was in the hall to keep her from uttering sentiments which were regarded as too radical. This accounts for the fact that the speaker did not give free rein to her thoughts on this occasion. By reason of anarchistic uprisings elsewhere it was thought best by the city officials to curb the utterances of the woman.

China's Christian Population.
The total number of Christians in China, according to the Catholic Champion, is 700,000, of whom more than 500,000 are Roman Catholics. At the present time the foreign missionaries number some 3,000 men, half of these being Roman Catholics, and 1,600 women, 900 being Roman Catholic sisters. The increase in the numbers, both of the foreign missionaries and the native Christians, has been very rapid of late.

Annual Pay of Governors.
The highest salary paid to governors is \$10,000 by New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Oregon and Vermont pay only \$1,500.

A BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL.

Discovery of a Beautiful Mountain Sheep in the Wilds of the Klondike.

Gold is not the only treasure which has been discovered in the Klondike, for a new species of mountain sheep was recently found there, and, according to Mr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York zoological garden, "it may justly be regarded as the handsomest and most striking in color markings of all known species of the genus ovis."

Mr. Henry W. Brown, of Dawson City, presented the skin and skull of one of these sheep to the provincial museum in Victoria, B. C., and there Mr. Hornaday saw them during his recent trip through British Columbia. Mr. Brown



KLONDIKE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.
(Remarkably Beautiful Animal Discovered in the Frozen North.)

had supposed that the specimen was one of the so-called Stone's black sheep, but Mr. Hornaday, whose attention was directed to it by Mr. John Fannin, curator of the provincial museum, saw at once that it represented a species absolutely new to science. Without further delay the sheep was named in honor of Mr. Fannin, who is a well-known authority on the animal life of the northwest, and in all future works the species will be known as ovis fannini.

The new sheep, which is also locally known as the saddle-backed and piebald sheep, is of a brownish gray color over the entire body, except on the head, neck, breast, abdomen, inside of forelegs and a small patch above the tail, where it is snowy white.

"The points of difference between ovis fannini and all other species of American ovidae are conspicuous," says Mr. Hornaday, "and it is remarkable that an animal so large and handsome and so strangely marked that its separate identity must be recognizable at a considerable distance should remain in North America undiscovered, and even unheard of, until the closing year of the nineteenth century. It is strange, indeed, that for so many years it has escaped the vigilant eyes of the Hudson Bay Fur company and its army of hunters and trappers."

ORIGIN OF OUR ARMY.

It Was Created and Articles of War Adopted by the Continental Congress in 1775.

In the month of June, 1775, the continental congress, in session at Philadelphia, passed three important resolutions, writes Gen. Francis V. Greene, in Scribner's. The first adopted and took over as a continental army the force of New England troops which, under the lead of Massachusetts, had assembled at Boston soon after the battles of Lexington and Concord; the second appointed George Washington



GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE.
(His Success as an Author as Great as His Military Fame.)

"general and commander-in-chief of all the continental forces, raised or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty; the third adopted 'rules and regulations for the government of the army'—the articles of war, which, modified and amended from time to time, still govern the army and form the basis of the military law.

This was the origin of the American army. In the intervening 126 years nearly 5,000,000 men have worn its uniform; it has conducted with success five great wars, covering a period of 17 years, and numerous minor campaigns against Indians and Philippine insurgents; it has been the chief instrument in restoring order and inaugurating civil government after the war with Mexico and the war with Spain; from its ranks have come 11 of the 24 presidents of the United States and many hundreds of men occupying the highest civil offices, governors of states, senators and representatives in congress, cabinet ministers, ambassadors and judges of the most important courts.

For a people who have never sought war and have only resorted to it when reluctantly forced to do so, the army has filled a large place in our history.

ON A DYNAMITE SHIP

How a Modest Hero Fought a Fire Against Time.

A Deed That Earned a Cynical Superintendent Admitted to Be Brave—Rare Self-Possession in Trying Circumstances.

In studying up the dangers of dynamite working for St. Nicholas Cleveland Moffett extracted from the superintendent of the works he visited an admission that a certain worker had once shown considerable bravery, though he didn't think the manufacture of explosives was an extra-hazardous employment.

He did not care to talk about dynamite—they never do. He did not think there was much to say, anyhow, except that people have silly notions about the danger. He had been working with dynamite now for 25 years, and never had an accident—that is, himself. Oh, yes; some men had been killed in his time, but not so many as in other occupations—not nearly so many as in railroading. Of course there was danger in dealing with any great force; the thing would run away with you now and then; but on the whole he regarded dynamite as a very well-behaved commodity, and much slandered.

"Then you think dynamite workers have no great need of courage?" I suggested.

"No more than others. Why should they? They work along for years, and nothing happens. They might as well be shoveling coal. And if anything does happen, it is over so quick that courage isn't much use."

Having said this, he hesitated a moment, and then, as if in a spirit of fairness, told of a certain man at the head of a nitroglycerin mill who on one occasion did a little thing that some people called brave.

He wouldn't give the name of this "certain man," but I fancied I could guess it.

This nitroglycerin mill, it seems, was on the Pacific coast, whence they



PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

used to ship the dynamite on vessels that loaded right alongside the yards. One day a mixing-house exploded, and hurried burning timbers over a vessel lying near that had just received a fresh cargo. Her decks were piled with boxes of explosives—wooden boxes, which at once took fire. When this "certain man" rushed down to the dock, the situation was as bad as could be. There were tons of dynamite ready to explode, and there was a hot fire eating deeper into the wood with every second. And all the men had run for their lives!

"Well," said the superintendent, "what this man did was to grab a bucket and line, and jump on the deck. Yes, it was burning; everything was burning. But he went to work lowering the bucket over the burning boxes, and he put 'em out, and the dynamite didn't explode at all; but I guess it would have exploded in a very short time if he had kept away, for the wood was about burned through in several places. I know that's a true story, because, well—because I know it."

"Don't you call that man brave?" I asked. The superintendent shook his head. "He was brave in that particular instance, but he might not have been brave at another time. You never can tell what a man will do in danger. It depends on how he feels or on how a thing happens to strike him. A man might act like a hero one day and like a coward another day, with exactly the same danger in both cases. There's a lot of chance in it. If that man I was telling you about had been up late the night before, or had eaten a tough piece of steak for breakfast, the chances are he would have run like the rest."

The Cow and the Camera.

Here is a sagacious cow that attended promptly to a little matter of business, and deserves a blue ribbon. At Bloomfield, N. J., the other day an amateur photographer stole a march on some girls as they were frolicking in a stream on the Dodd estate. The camera was all adjusted for an exposure, and the photographer ducked beneath the black cloth. A cow apparently took in the situation just in the nick of time, and bucked the camera fairly and sent it flying. Then she turned to the man and chased him over a rail fence, standing guard until the girls had donned their clothes and escaped.

Where Horses Are Weak.

The first animal to succumb to a very cold temperature is the horse.

BISHOP WAS SCARED.

Thrilling Ride Down a Steep Grade on a Handcar.

Venerable Churchman Has an Experience in Trying to Keep an Engagement—Guide of Car Swore at Him.

A recent ride of five miles on a handcar by Bishop F. Dubs, head of the United Evangelical church of the United States, was novel for a bishop, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun from Reading, Pa.

The well-known churchman, who is now past 65 years old, came on from Chicago on his annual visitation. He had preached at the Adamstown camp meeting and was booked to appear at an important business meeting of the church in Reading. The bishop took the steam cars for Reading, but when half way the engine was derailed and all further progress was blocked.

To one of the train employees, Bobby Wahl, fell the lot of bringing the mail through to Reading. The wreck had occurred at a high place and it was known that a smaller car might be run to Mohnsville by gravity, where trolley communications could be had. The railroad man procured a handcar, put the mail on and was about starting, when an elderly, white-bearded man of giant build asked whether he could ride along.

"All right," said the railroad man, "but you've got to take the chances, old man." The bishop quietly smiled and said he would, and was amused because he was not known to the conductor of the handcar. They were off quickly and as the car gained momentum it dashed down the incline rapidly. The bishop could not maintain an upright position, no matter how much he tried to by stiffening his legs and propping himself. The handcar swayed from side to side and the man at the brake grasped the wheel with both hands and kept his eyes well ahead.

As the truck dashed down a steep grade, making a great deal of noise,



"DON'T RUN SO FAST."

the bishop had to take off his hat. His silvery locks and beard fluttered in the breeze. Then he sat down. Next he lay flat with the mail bag for a pillow. The ride had become fast and furious.

"Don't go so fast, young man," said the bishop, as he turned about, not relishing the hard floor of the hand car. Next he tried to sit up.

"Go slower," said the bishop. "On went the car at 30 miles an hour and swaying from side to side."

"Run slower," appealed the bishop, but the truck went on.

Then the bishop asked to get off, but Wahl was too much in a hurry. He could not stop. The bishop looked over the side of the car and saw a steep, wooded ravine with sharp rocks pointing up at him.

"Don't run so fast," appealed the venerable churchman. "I tell you, go slower, or we'll be killed."

Finally the railroad, unable to maintain silence and temper any longer, answered:

"I wish you'd keep still. How the hell do you expect I'm going to get this mail through by any slow running?" The bishop held on and exclaimed: "Don't swear, young man! don't swear. You'll never go to Heaven." The railroad then remembered that he went to church, regretted his temper and kept still. The truck flew on around sharp curves, which jolted and swayed the car, threatening to roll the bishop off.

"Keep still, old man, and we'll get there all right, but I tell you to keep still and don't bother me!" said Wahl. Then the bishop was quiet and held on to the flat side of the car, shut his eyes and trusted in Heaven, as the car rattled and slammed down the hill-sides and over trestles, crossing ravines and through meadows, until finally Mohnsville was reached and the bishop was safely delivered.

"There, I guess you're all right," said Wahl, tossing the mailbag to an official. "This is business, you know. S'long," and he and the bishop separated. The churchman wiped the dust from his face, stepped aboard a trolley car and "got there" in time to meet his engagement.

Delightful Bit of Metaphor.

While lauding the young men of his country an English clergyman uttered this mixed metaphor: "The young men of England are the backbone of the British empire. What we must do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."

Hint for American Solons.

When a dog in Japan disturbs the neighbors by barking at night, its owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the disturbed neighbors. The dog never barks again, for he is at once put to death.

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